

December 1959

CONTENTS

THE REALITY OF DEATH	355
<i>By the Rev. William Joseph Barnds, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Ogallala, Nebraska</i>	
TWO PICTURES AND A CHALLENGE	357
<i>By the Rev. C. S. Westthorp, Priest Associate, Rector of All Saints Church, Warwick, R. I.</i>	
SAINT IGNATIUS, BISHOP OF ANTIOCH AND MARTYR IN ROME	361
<i>By Mary Burn, Communicant of St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, Scotland</i>	
DEATH (?)	363
<i>By John Pilgrim, student of the Mystics</i>	
THE CHRISTIAN BRAHMIN	365
<i>By the Rev. Bruce V. Reddish, Retired Priest, Santa Barbara</i>	
THE PEACEABLE CLOSE—poem	367
<i>By Hester Brown, Associate, O. S. H.</i>	
"HERE WILL I SPILL THY SOUL"	367
<i>By the Rev. Frederick Ward Kates, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore</i>	
STORIES THAT ARE SELDOM TOLD	371
<i>By the Rev. Canon Elwin Malone, St. Peter's Cathedral, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada</i>	
MYSTERY — A Poem	341
<i>By Elsie Gertrude Dickey, Communicant of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City</i>	
MEDITATION ON PSALM 130	372
<i>By the Rev. Charles J. Wood, Priest Associate, Chaplain, Glasgow</i>	
BOOK REVIEWS	373
A SCHOLAR ARCHBISHOP	375
THE ORDER OF THE HOLY CROSS	377
THE ORDER OF SAINT HELENA	373
TO MY TEENAGE SON ON CHRISTMAS	380
<i>By Dorothy Roby Schneider, Communicant of St. Mary's Church Palmer, Mass.</i>	
A SALUTATION TO OUR LADY—poem	383
<i>By Mrs. Arthur Chilcott, Jr., Communicant of St. Paul's Church, San Antonio, Texas</i>	
ORDO	384
INDEX FOR 1959, VOL. LXX	385

JAMES

OTIS

SARGENT

INDEX OF CLERICAL



The Holy Cross Magazine

Dec.



1959

The Reality Of Death

BY WILLIAM JOSEPH BARNDT

It is an old "saw" that only two things are certain and certain: death and taxes. Although no one doubts the reality of taxes, there are people who doubt the reality of death, and one of them are to be found in the Episcopal Church. Certainly one of the obvious facts of the funeral-directing business is that many undertakers try to cover up the fact of the reality of death and attempt to "soften the blow" by using euphemistic expressions, many of which are even ludicrous.

The Church, however, tries to be realistic and to encourage its people to be realistic. One of the ways it is realistic about the subject of death is by telling its people that they will all some day die. The life that we are now living here on earth will one day come to an end.

The Order for the Burial of the Dead is one of the most realistic declarations about death and death that exists. At each funeral we hear the words: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Those are words that we shall frequently

ponder, and especially during the Season of Advent. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. "You can't take it with you," the world tells us. Whatever wealth we may have been fortunate enough to accumulate will no longer be ours when we die. Whatever we have received here on earth came from God; our life came from God, and when He deems it proper, He takes that same life from our body and the body dies.

At the grave these words are said: "Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?" Life is not always easy; indeed, many aspects of life are hard and difficult. The Burial Office vividly reminds us of that fact.

When the dead body is lowered into the grave at a funeral, these words are recited: "Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit

his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

About dead bodies

The Prayer Book teaches us that the body has served its purpose and is to be disposed of at death. There is no teaching in the Prayer Book about the desirability of expending great sums for the preservation of the body, or of the necessity for waterproof vaults for the corpse. The body has served its purpose once life has left it.

The body has a limited purpose. Once its purpose has been fulfilled, we need not strive to keep it "nice" and preserve it as long as scientifically possible. It should simply be treated reverently and disposed of. The almost worshipful attitude that some people maintain towards a dead body cannot be justified by the teaching of the Prayer Book.

In the Episcopal Church there is no place for the opening of the casket during the service, or after the service so that those present may take one last look at the corpse. The Prayer Book reminds us that death is a reality and that the body is dead. Expressions about the "body being asleep" or "slumbering" are completely contrary to the teaching of the Prayer Book.

As Churchmen we are expected to acknowledge that death is a reality, and act accordingly. If anything else is real we talk about it realistically. We do not try to hide the facts. We do not ordinarily attempt to cover up the facts or disguise something that cannot really be hidden. Parents who try to "shield" their children from death

are doing them a grave disservice. Death should be spoken of in the presence of children just as anything else that is real is spoken of in the presence of children. There is no need to be morbid or gruesome in talking about death, but deliberately falsify information about death may do children great harm eventually. In a Christian family there is no place for a "hush" attitude about death, for death is a reality and should be discussed accordingly.

The Churchman should prepare himself for his own death, if he is going to be realistic towards death. Ideally we should live in such a way that we will be prepared to die no matter when death strikes us. We should have our souls prepared to die any time. Our business or work or recreation should be in such a condition that if we were to die immediately, those who have given the responsibility of taking over our work or our business would be able to do so without too much of a struggle to figure out the state of the business.

Be ready financially

Family-men should be prepared financially so that their families could go along for at least a year fairly comfortably without having to mortgage everything to go on relief. Families should go over their insurance program at regular intervals so that there will be some assurance that the family will be cared for whenever the head of the family dies. Advent is an excellent time to do something about this matter.

Churchmen should also make their wills and review them periodically. Those who die without wills probably would be more distressed if they knew how their money was disposed of because they had been negligent in making their wills. A will gives a person some assurance that the one he or she loves most will receive what the maker of the will wants them to have. The Prayer Book advises the clergy, from time to time, to advise the people, while they are in health to make Wills arranging for the disposal of their temporal goods, and, v

ility, to leave Bequests for religious and charitable uses. The Church should, when possible, receive some of the money which deceased Churchman has left.

Be ready spiritually

Death is no joke. It is not something that comes to some people, and avoids others. We all know better than that, but during Advent, we should find out if we have been living as if we knew that death was a reality. Advent is a time to think seriously about the subject of death. It is a Season during which we are to ask ourselves some

leading questions. It is a time to find out if our own souls are in the condition we would want them to be in if we were to die immediately. If we discover that our souls are not in the condition we would want them in at death, this is the time to do something about it by seeing your Priest and perhaps availing yourselves of the Sacrament of Penance. Advent is a time to get ready to die; because death may come at any time, and then it does, there will be no time to care for the matters that we should have cared for during the days we were alive.

Advent says: "*Death is a Reality.*"

Two Pictures, And A Challenge

BY C. S. WESTHORN

At the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . . And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good. . . . If we have any belief at all in God, we must believe that He is the creator of heaven and earth, and of everything in them. We cannot continue to be Christians and have any other belief.

No matter what interpretation we may put on the stories of Creation and the Fall of Eden, as recorded for us in the first chapters of Genesis, these contain for us and for all men a very great truth. They express in picturesque language something which cannot be described adequately in any other way, since there were no eyes and no ears to record the event in detail. The most surprising thing, to our modern way of thinking, is the very great accuracy with which these accounts parallel the current scientific theories of creation. While the Bible may seem to us to be childish, the first picture certainly describes, for us as well as for the first hearers, what must have been a process in creation and in revelation. We may not take seriously the account given at the time that God "walked in the garden in the cool of the evening," but we can take

very seriously the underlying thought—the happy relationship which existed between God and His creation.

But this happy relationship was not to last. God, in creating mankind, gave to all of us free will, the ability to choose for ourselves between one thing and another, between good and evil. And mankind, then as now, more often than not chose the lesser part. Man, created for no other purpose than to fulfil the aims and desires of his Creator, to love and adore and worship Almighty God, nevertheless chose of his own God-given free will to love and adore and worship lesser things; to cast God out of His rightful place and to substitute material things.

This is not the end of God's concern for us. While we humans under the same circumstances would have washed our hands of the whole sorry mess, God still loved us even though we turned our backs on Him. So He sends, through Divinely-inspired teachers, the Law. In giving us His Law, He gave to us a guide and a standard by which we might steer our lives. He gave us the guide-posts to show us the way back to

Him. But once again man perverts a good deed and a good ideal. Mankind takes God's laws and does two things with them: In the first place, he erects on the structure of God's simple laws a whole superstructure of petty regulations. So detailed did these become, that it became absolutely impossible to keep them at all. Consequently, man does a second thing—he ignores them all.

And still God does not give up. He sends to us not only a Law, not only conveniences between Him and petty us, but also prophets and priests and kings and judges, all to draw men closer to Him. But even this does not help. The prophets were stoned and murdered and scorned and cast out. The priests became a select class of hypocritical overlords. The kings became preoccupied with earthly wealth and glory. A

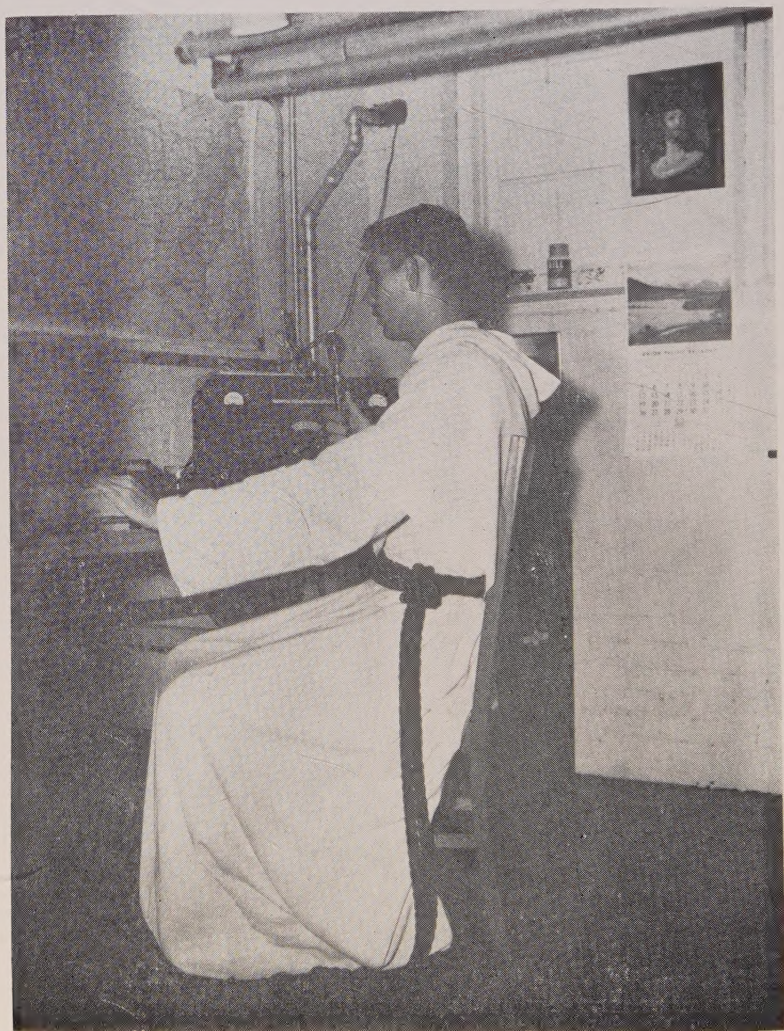


Photo by Harry Guido, West Park

"EL6E, K2OFB . . . Holy Cross Monastery, West Park, N. Y. calling Holy Cross Mission, Bolohun, Liberia on schedule . . . Roger, roger, we copy you." So sings Brother John, Novice, O.H.C. (but ex-Novice F.C.C.) when the Thursday night contact is good.

mankind is still as far as ever from his home with God. Even those few who conscientiously follow the Commandments found that of their own strength they were not able.

At last, in the fulness of time, God sends His only Son, to make atonement for us. What mankind of his own strength could not accomplish, God did for us. We, having created the gulf between us and God, could not of ourselves heal the breach. But God could, and did. Yet, to do this, God had to come among us as a man, to live as a man, to die as a man—yes, to die not merely as a man but as a criminal, a death of shame and ignominy, a death upon the cross. All this He did for us, for you and for me, because He loves us and wants us to love Him.

This is a very familiar picture. Let me give you a second familiar picture, also. We started out by saying that God created all things, and all things created by Him are God. Well, then, from whence come all these things we now call our own? Is it true that there is nothing we hold now that we can really call our own? Our clothes, our houses, our friends, our health—everything we have in this world, in fact how much of it did we create? For how much of it are we personally responsible? Not one little bit of it. There is *nothing* that we hold that is really ours. Every single thing is really held by us in trust for its rightful owner—God. We are responsible for this life for everything that has been entrusted to us, and we will all be called to render an accounting one day of our management of that trust. When the Angel of Death comes to call us, we will stand stripped and naked before God, all our so-called 'possessions' taken from us. No; there will be one thing left, the one thing we can truly call our own, the sins we have done.

With all that God out of His great love has done for us, and the very little that in truth we have done for God in return, what response are we to make now to His

commandments that we go into all the world teaching and baptizing, and to love our neighbors as ourselves (how *can* we when we have so little regard for ourselves in the first place?), and to give as He has prospered us? Do we measure our response to Him and His love in so many pennies, or so many dollars per week? Do we sit down and try to make a careful accounting? Do we measure our giving in the terms of "How little can I get away with?" Or do we really measure it in proportion to our means? All too often this latter is not the case. Instead of saying, "How much must I give?" we should be asking, "How much dare I keep?" Time and time again, as the Every Member Canvass comes round, we sign our miserable pledge cards for paltry pennies.

Two pictures are presented, then, for your consideration; hold them up side by side, and compare them carefully: In the one hand, hold up the picture of Christ dying a death of humiliation and shame for *you*, an unworthy, miserable sinner. In the other, hold up, if you dare, your pledge card, signed and committed for petty sums. Not a pretty comparison, is it?

The point that must be made, and emphasized, is that no matter what that sum may be, when expressed in dollars and cents, the amount it represents which we dedicate to God's work—the amount we *return to Him* out of all with which He has entrusted us—should be a definite proportion of the total at our disposal; and that total includes not only material wealth but both time and talents as well. It is all too easy to sit down and make a fine mathematical calculation of the amount we feel we can afford to give; but that is not true stewardship. The true steward looks at the total under his control and makes careful allocation, in proportion, of that total.

What should be the proportion we return to God? This is a question which by its very nature must be answered by each one of us individually. We *do* have one reliable guide, and that is the Bible. God speaks

to us throughout the ages by means of His chosen prophets, and we find their teaching—and His—recorded in the collection of books we know today as the Bible. In the Bible we learn that the ancient method of making a just division of our worldly goods as between our own uses and God's work is to dedicate to God one-tenth of our income—the Tithe. But this standard was established in the days when all of the modern "social services" were administered by the Church—healing, and homes, and unemployment relief, and all the other miscellaneous "charitable works." In order to apply the Tithe to modern conditions, we must make some division between those works still maintained by the Church, and those which the Church has seen fit to turn over to secular agencies. The modern application of the Tithe suggests that the amount we are to dedicate to God's work should be divided between these various demands. The suggestion has been made in various places that one-half of the Tithe be used for God's work through His Church, and the other half through secular agencies.

Does 10 per cent—the Tithe—sound high? Is it too much? Let us ask ourselves another question: Can it possibly be too high? Remember what God has done for us; how can we ever repay that debt? But we really need to ask ourselves another question, or at least look at the whole problem from another angle. At first, years ago, we accustomed ourselves to thinking in terms of, say, one dollar a week, or two dollars a week, as our contributions towards God's work. Then we were taught to consider proportionate giving as the true way to measure our gift ("gift?"—when it wasn't ours in the first place?). Let us take the powerful binoculars with which we have been looking at our giving to God, and turn them around for a moment. Instead of asking, "How much should I give?" let us ask ourselves, "How much am I going to keep for myself?" Is that proportion we will keep for our own uses to be 90 per cent? Or 95 per cent? Or 98 per cent? And give only 2 per cent? Only a measly two cents

on the dollar for God? Even what we have become accustomed to consider a large pledge looks much, much smaller when viewed in this way. And still bear in mind that picture of Christ on the Cross.

If we all were to accept the principle of Tithing as the basis for what we will render to God for His work, what would it mean interpreted in dollars and cents? Look at it this way first: One dollar a week—regarded by many as a good pledge—would be a half-tithe, 5 per cent, on an income of \$20 a week. But if we were only on unemployment insurance we would be receiving much more than that. So one dollar a week becomes much less than a half-tithe under conditions of unemployment. Now look at it this way: We have in the Episcopal Church over 2,000,000 communicants. This total does not include the many baptized adherents of the Church, numbers of whom are also contributors. But it does include youngsters below working-age level. In balance, we probably have somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,750,000 contributors to God's work. At an average annual income of \$4,000 (and the national average is higher than that; among Episcopalians probably even higher still) this would represent a total income to all contributors of \$7,000,000,000. And a half-tithe, or 5 per cent, on that amount would be \$350,000,000. But the total receipts of all kinds, including income from endowments and legacies, capital drives, in our parishes and missions in 1958 was only \$150,000,000. Overnight we could double the work for Christ through our Church in this land and elsewhere! What an opportunity! What a challenge!

But first we must be convinced. Are we *really* convinced that Christ died for me and for me? Are we *really* convinced that God loves us, and wants us for Himself, and that we will know no rest until we rest in Him? We can all be tithers, even on the modern basis. But first we must stop! Stop, and ask ourselves a most important, vital question: "What think ye of Christ?"

Saint Ignatius, Bishop Of Antioch And Martyr Of Rome

December 17th, circa 110 A. D.

BY MARY BURN

St. Ignatius, called Theophoros, the God-bearer, meaning that he bore God in his heart, is said to have been the second bishop of Antioch in Syria after St. Peter, and was martyred in Rome during the reign of Trajan. All that we really know about him are the facts given in his own letters and the mention of him in the letter of St. Polycarp to the Philippians. From these we gather that he was condemned as a Christian to be killed by wild beasts, and that for this he was sent to Rome. He travelled in bonds, guarded and ill-treated by ten soldiers, from Antioch to Smyrna on the west coast of Asia Minor, where he stopped long enough to write to three of the churches in the province of Asia and to the Christians in Rome. He was then taken north to Troas, where he wrote to the church at Smyrna and separately to their bishop, St. Polycarp, and also to the church at Philadelphia. He then had to set sail suddenly for Neapolis, a harbor in northern Greece not far from Philippi. At this point our reliable evidence fails, and the details of the rest of his journey and his martyrdom can only be supplied from "The Acts of St. Ignatius" an early, but unreliable source.

The seven letters of St. Ignatius which are considered by scholars to be genuine are of paramount importance for the history of the Church in the generation after the death of the Apostles, when we have the scantiest surviving information. The letters are all short. St. Ignatius on his way to death writes with passionate earnestness his last message to the churches.

The first point, stressed repeatedly in every letter, except that to the Romans, which was written with a special end in

view, is the supreme importance of obedience to the Bishop. "Be zealous," he writes, "to do all things in harmony with God, with the bishop presiding in the place of God." "Regard the bishop as the Lord Himself." "Follow the bishop as Jesus Christ follows the Father . . . let no one do any of the things appertaining to the Church without the bishop." "Let that be considered a valid Eucharist which is celebrated by the bishop, or by one whom he appoints." These bishops could have had considerable "dioceses" outside their cities. We know that Christian missionary work started in cities, but we have independent contemporary evidence from a letter of Pliny to the Emperor Trajan, written in 112 A. D., that in the neighbouring Bithynia Christianity had spread "not only in the cities, but in the villages and the countryside." This may also have been the case in other provinces, where Christianity had been established earlier than in Bithynia. St. Ignatius exhorts the Christian communities with equal emphasis to obedience to the threefold ministry. "The bishop is the type of the Father, without him and the presbyters and the deacons the name of church is not given." "While I was with you I spoke with a loud voice—with God's voice—'Give heed to the Bishop, and to the presbytery and deacons.'" His repeated exhortations fall like hammer blows.

As fervently as St. Paul, Ignatius implores the Christians to flee from heresy and false doctrine. He writes in particular against docetism, the heresy of those who believed and taught that Christ only seemed to suffer and that His body was not real flesh and blood. "If His suffering was imaginary, they themselves are imaginary

and why am I a prisoner? In that case I am dying in vain." Of these heretics he adds: "They abstain from the Eucharist and prayer because they do not confess that the Eucharist is the flesh of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, who suffered for our sins, which the Father raised up by His goodness." Only those who believe in the Incarnation of God can logically believe in the reality of the Blessed Sacrament.

To safeguard Christian truth against false teaching, St. Ignatius formulates in four of his letters an embryonic creed, stressing with all his power the reality of the Lord's humanity: "Be deaf, therefore, when anyone speaks to you apart from Jesus Christ, who was of the family of David, and of Mary, who was truly born, both ate and drank, was truly arraigned before Pontius Pilate, was truly crucified and died in the sight of those in heaven and on earth and under the earth; who was truly raised from the dead, when His Father raised Him up, as in the same manner His Father shall raise up in Christ Jesus us who believe in Him, without whom we have no true life."

St. Ignatius makes mention several times of the Eucharist. "Be careful to use one Eucharist, for there is one flesh of Our Lord Jesus Christ and one cup for union with His Blood, one altar, as there is one bishop with the presbytery and the deacons, my fellow servants, in order that whatever you do you may do it according unto God . . . obey the bishop and presbytery with an undisturbed mind, breaking one bread, which is the medicine of immortality, the antidote that we should not die, but live forever in Jesus Christ."

Among his words of strength and encouragement to St. Polycarp is this lovely description of the Christian's dedicated life: "A Christian has no power over himself, but gives his time to God."

St. Ignatius' letter to the Romans differs from the others, being concerned with his longing for martyrdom as the crown of his

life of Christian witness. Trajan's policy was neither to hunt down Christians nor to condemn them on anonymous denunciations so it would seem that Ignatius had in some way courted martyrdom. He implores the Christians of Rome to do nothing to secure his reprieve, as he evidently fears they might. "Suffer me to follow the example of the Passion of my God."

The picture of St. Ignatius which we get from his letters is of a passionately convinced, witnessing Christian—God's athlete, caring above all things for the unity of the Church, to be maintained by the authority of the bishops, and the desiring for himself at whatever cost in suffering, a martyr's crown. His words are the urgent passionate, final salutation of one about to die.



Not long ago a visitor felt we needed such a statue for our grounds, bought one and set it up.

Death?

BY JOHN PILGRIM

Several years ago, from a cell in a monastery, a layman wrote a letter to his wife. The words are gone these many years, but the thought in one paragraph still lingers in his mind.

The monastery had cast its spell on him, I suppose. He sensed a current of life there previously unknown to him. In that chapel and in that cell, he seemed to find a new reality, a life more full of life than the ways he had walked before. His letter only told his wife that her husband, the man she knew and loved so well, was dead.

She thought it was a streak of the Irish put in him, or so she said. And so did he—word-wise that he was, or thought he was. But unwittingly perhaps, he told the truth.

There are those who write glibly about the so-called "mystic death." But few have said how long it takes—how complete and what it is. Is this because there are few who know? Or can it be because those who write still live?

"An old man dead! Alas, ah me!
How stiff and stark and stern is he!
His jaw is shut on bitter pill
That swallow must, and swallow will,
Or soon or late, both you and me!"

It is not the shortsightedness of those words that annoys the writer today. It is the presumptuous ego in them. What did that young poet know then of death? Or rather, of what he naively describes as death? May not the truth of the matter be that it was the poet who, although he knew not, lay dead? For all he *knew*, (intellectually speaking, of course) the old corpse whom he wrote may have just begun to breathe. Wise men have often pointed out that it may very well be the dead who do the living.

"And this is what they said, blessed be their memory,
'This world is like an antechamber to the coming world.'
Luzatto, Moses Hayyim, "The Mesillat Yesharim" (the quote within the quote is from the *Sayings of the Fathers*, IV. 16.)

If that be true, then Saint Augustine certainly reasoned right when he said:

"... death, which before was dreaded that is, flight and escape from the body, may now be desired as the highest favor."
Saint Augustine, "De Quantico."

Of course we all love these bodies of ours, and well we should. But is there harm in recognizing them for what they are—temporary houses—shelters for the passing moment?

It was Francois Malaval who wrote these words:

"Jesus Christ said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' If He is the way, let us follow Him; if He is the Truth and the Life, let us stay and *live* in Him."*

*A Simple Method of Raising the Soul to Contemplation. Page 145. Dialogue 5 by Francois Malaval (1627-1719). Translated by Lucy Menzies. With an introduction by Evelyn Underhill. London and Toronto.

J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd.

Malaval was a very interesting man. A profound scholar, and a contemplative, he seems also to have come about as close as a man can come to sainthood, without being canonized. And no man can read in his enlightened prose today the enlightening fact that he was blind. But he did become totally blind before his first birthday, and remained so until his "dying day," at the age of ninety-two. Few men of his time shared, and few may share today, that old mystic's daily awareness of The Presence of God. But fewer still would dare to deny the Reality of what the old blind man saw.

Of course there is no such thing as an adequate definition of, or description of, Contemplation. For this reason, many genuinely religious souls dislike the word, and dispute the reality of the practice itself. But to reject a way of life solely because it does not correspond to an intellectual formula seems somewhat like refusing a medicine because of its unpleasant taste. Or like the refusal to listen to a symphony because one doesn't happen to like the composer personally. In his introduction to *Contemplative Prayer*, Father Hughson says:

"The author recognizes with some trepidation that in making any sort of study of the less discursive modes of prayer, he is handling explosive material, and treading on ground that has been thoroughly mined. There has been amongst spiritual writers of all ages grave confusion of terms, and our own day is witnessing a lively and prolonged controversy over what constitutes contemplation." **

After writing those words, Father Hughson proceeds, with his customary calm, to open his profound and penetrating study of contemplative prayer. (By the way, if you are fully satisfied with the way you are living now, and if you want to avoid complications in your life, be careful NOT to read that great writer's great book.)

By checking any good Bible concordance, we find it recorded no less than *fifteen* times that Jesus commanded his disciples, as a Way of Life, to "Follow Me!" Our Lord and Master seems to have left very few *commandments* behind Him. But He repeated that one time and time again. And He was very practical about it. For example:

"Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." (Matthew 4:19).

** *Contemplative Prayer* by Shirley C. Hughson, O. H. C. West Park, N. Y. Holy Cross Press. London: S. P. C. K., Northumberland Terrace, W. C. 2, 1935.

Is not the whole missionary practice of the Church in that one sentence? You remember the circumstances. Two brothers, Andrew and Peter, were "casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers" (Matthew 4:18).

"They straightway left *their* nets, and followed Him." (Matthew 4:20).

And in the eighth chapter of Matthew (22nd verse), He said:

"Follow me; and let the dead bury their dead."

Has any sermon ever spoken more eloquently than those few words? Most assuredly our Lord, the most compassionate and understanding of men, had sympathy for that disciple in his bereavement. That man had merely requested "Lord, suffer first to go and bury my father" (Matthew 8:21). And Jesus, certainly the gentlest man who ever lived (because He was the strongest) replied "Let the Dead Bury Their Dead." When He spoke those words, He knew that those who did the burying that day still had breath in their bodies. He knew their hearts were still beating, that they still dwelt in this nervous ferment, and choose to call life. But that young disciple was merely human. All the poor man knew was what he saw with his own eyes.

But at that moment, our Lord wanted to go, as He so often did go, into retirement. Just before the bereaved disciple said those words, the Master had said:

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay His head." (Matthew 8:20)

Many disciples sailed with Him on the immortal ship. He had planned it just that way. Does He not teach everyone of His disciples (us) that if the soul of man is to live at all, it must—like the body—have rest? So He told the bereaved disciple kindly "Follow Me!"

There is no question about the fact that our Lord found them—the Twelve, and all His disciples—in places that you and I might call odd. Matthew, for example, was sitting at the receipt of custom" (according to his own account, Matthew 9:9) when he heard the Call. Now the Aramaic word for "custom" probably referred to taxes, or receipts, or at any rate to a purely business or monetary matter. But one is tempted to give it here the commonplace English meaning of "established usage." Was He not, more times than man may now, called His disciples *away* from the ordinary, the regular, the established "custom" of the day and time?

Andrew and Peter were both busy at their every-day business, which was fishing. Like the majority of us they were ordinary men. Of course, He didn't overlook the powerful and the mighty altogether. The young man to whom He said "go and sell what thou hast . . ." (Matthew 19:21) was one of the wealthy ones.

And they were all—each and every one of them—living men. And all of them—each and every one of them—have been dead these many years. But English, like Aramaic, is just another language. And we—mortals that we are—naturally have a mortal understanding of the terms "life" and "death." Just the other day, at a mission held in our local church, the Missioner pointed out that there are several ways of looking at the phenomenon known as death. One can be Epicurean about it—as gay and cynical as you please. Or one can be Stoical about it—as grim and gloomy as you like. Or, as the Missioner recommended, one can be *Christian* about it. To quote him exactly it was by means of His Own death, that Our Lord and Master "*hallowed the tomb.*"

But fortunately, there is no need for any of us to ponder our Lord's words to Matthew unduly.

Matthew didn't:

" . . . he arose, and followed Him."

The Christian Brahmin

BY BRUCE V. REDDISH

Several years ago, while staying with the Bedford Mission Fathers in Calcutta, I sat one day at luncheon beside an Indian priest. He was very dark and dressed in the native garb, and I did not know until afterwards that he was a priest. He had dropped in to see the Superior and during the meal I carried on an animated conversation with him, so that I had little opportunity to talk with him, but he spoke excellent English and was obviously a person of breeding and culture. Later on the Superior told me his story.

He was a Brahmin and belonged to a family of wealth and high social position. As a boy he had been a pupil in the Fathers' school and, while showing an interest in the Christian Religion, had never asked for religious instruction or Baptism. After

leaving the Fathers' school he entered the university where he had a brilliant record and graduated with high honors. All this time he had kept in touch with the Fathers, but it was not until he had left the University that he decided to become a Christian. For a Brahmin this is a tremendous step and requires great courage; for the convert is not infrequently disowned by his family, regarded as an outcast and mourned as dead. This is what happened in his case, but he did not waver and entered a theological college from which he graduated in due season and was ordained to the Sacred Ministry.

He decided to devote himself to missionary work among the hill people of Bengal, who had not yet had the Gospel preached to them, and feeling a call to the Religious Life, he founded a brotherhood

under the three vows which are common to all such orders. There are in India countless wandering ascetics called sadhus, devoted to poverty and chasity, so that the idea is quite familiar to all Indians. In time he also founded a sisterhood for work among women in the same region. All this time he was of course regarded as dead by all his relations. The Brahmins are very clannish

and among the well-to-do families the property is held largely in common, and the head of the family, the oldest male, dispenses it more or less as he sees fit, presumably to each according to his need. Within a few years, by one of those strange compensations of Providence which we see now and then, the subject of our story suddenly and unexpectedly became the head



Photo by Harry Guido, West

The picture shows Mr. Franklin Stevens at work in the main office of the Holy Cross Press. He has served the publishing business about five years, is a West Park citizen, active in the parish church and the father of four children.

Successor to Fr. Rawson as Press Manager is Mr. John H. Chapman, who previously was secretary to several Superiors. He lives in a much improved and landscaped trailer close to the press building. He has put in a line of religious gifts for visitors to the office.

Jokingly known as a "Press Pilgrimage," retreatants gather for a visit to the exhibit after the silence ends on Sunday. They find much to buy.

family. Needless to say this threw the rest of the clan into consternation bordering on panic. Now he would have it within his power to avenge himself on those who had disinherited him and cast him out, and they took it for granted that he would do his worst.

He summoned them all to meet him on a certain day, and they came trembling in their shoes. There were his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces and his cousins from far and near. The man whom they had hated a renegade took the chair and addressed them. He began by reminding them that he had become not only a Christian, but a sadhu as well and that as such he had no need of money. He also reminded them that although they had cast him out as dead and through the providence of God he had been placed in a position where he was able to take revenge upon them, such an act was forbidden by the Christian Religion and could not be considered by him, even if he were inclined to do so. He added that he bore them no ill-will, but wished only the best to each and all of them. Moreover, he had no desire to exercise his rights as head of the clan, but wished to resign his position in favor of the next in line.

The effect upon the astounded assembly, as one might imagine, was electric. They rose to their feet as one and with unspeakable relief and gratitude clasped their hands and bowed before him. Some even fell upon their knees and made the symbolic gesture of wiping the dust from his feet. With a smile, he bade them farewell and departed leaving them to meditate upon this strange Christian doctrine of which they had doubtless often heard, but had been led to believe was seldom if ever practiced by those who professed it.

THE PEACEABLE CLOSE

The most reposeful garden
I should ever hope to tend
is a small, yet vast, enclosure:
a rickety-pickety fenced-in patch
of discalced's pleasure, Poverty-grass,
beneath a Chaste-tree casting down
blue crowns, and later bearing fruit,
while docile at its roots
endures an humble herb, Obedient.

BY HESTER BROWN

"Here Will I Spill Thy Soul"

BY FREDERICK WARD KATES

In 1678 there appeared in England a book which is esteemed today as one of the foremost great classics of Christian literature. It was written by a simple and humble teacher of the Gospel, John Bunyan by name, while he was a prisoner in his vile jail for his religious convictions. The book is, as you know, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come. Delivered under the similitude of a dream.*

If nothing else, *Pilgrim's Progress* is a good story. It is, however, far more than

just this. It is the odyssey of John Bunyan, of his soul, of his torments and struggles, of his winning through to spiritual victory in the desperate combat every man is compelled to wage who would win and keep and possess his soul.

Travelling the straight and narrow way, the King's Way, the way of holiness, from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, John Bunyan's pilgrim, Christian by name, met up with Apollyon, a foul fiend, in the Valley of Humiliation. After impugning his fidelity to Christ and chaffing

him about his story performance thus far, Apollyon in angry challenge spits out the words: *Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther: here will I spill thy soul.*"

This cry, this threat, this challenge, of Apollyon—"Here will I spill thy soul"—is being hurled at us, as human beings, as Christians, as free men, as Americans, these days from all sides by a multitude of enemy voices and evil forces with a vicious fury that terrifies a man's soul.

Just note, briefly, some of the factors in life today which shriek at us the words of our text and which are mortal enemies of the safety, security, and sanity, of our hearts and minds and souls.

* * * * *

The real religion of our times cries at us "Here will I spill thy soul." Success is its name, our real religion, for that is what we struggle for, sacrifice for, pray for, work for, and even die for. At every risk and at any price it is what we must have. One must "get on" in the world, "get up" in the world, this religion decrees. Let nothing interfere with your ambition or your greed, this religion commands. Let not conscience, moral scruples, principles, health, happiness, friends, family—let nothing get in your way as you climb and crawl and scratch toward your goal—success. Sacrifice any thing and every thing, even your soul, to win your goal.

This, the real religion of our times, screams at your soul, to win your goal. "Here will I spill thy soul," so that, more than anything else, the thing we fear is that we shall be marked down a failure, that we shall not achieve what the world calls "success." This is regrettable, for if we profess or remotely pretend to be Christian men, holiness should be our aim and sainthood our goal. Leon Bloy, one of the choice minds and spirits of our time, has written, "The only tragedy in all the world is the tragedy of not being a saint." A pleasant thought, we say, but we really don't

believe it. The only tragedy in all the world we believe, is the tragedy of failing to get to the top of the heap.

It's a hellish, fiendish, mad man's creed. Most of us live by and raise our children to follow, this religion of success, and it will be, as it already is, in far too many cases, the undoing of us all one by one.

* * * * *

The insane and inane way we live shrieks at us: "Here will I spill thy soul."

Go, go, go—crank it up—push, push, push—drive, drive, drive—this way of living grinding our souls to pulp, it's cracking our minds and shattering our nerves, tearing apart our hearts and souls and bodies. It does not allow us space or time to invite the soul, to cultivate the soul, to grow a soul and win one, in fact to pause to discover if we even have one. It's not a little bit mad, the pace at which we go, the tempo at which we live—all of it. Our fathers, mothers, children. We seem to think of forgotten Will Durant's words, "No man who is in a hurry is quite civilized," or Ghandi's quiet remark, "There is more life than increasing its speed."

The way we live these days hurls at us the foul fiend's challenge: "Here will I spill thy soul."

* * * * *

The mediocrity of our culture and the glorification of that very mediocrity, the shoddy taste and vulgar values, our exaltation of the easy and soft and slick way of everything, the social pressures to conform to the standards and fads in vogue or to be crucified—this as much as anything that these days cries out to a man "Here will I spill thy soul."

But the soul was made for greatness and nobility as the mind for excellence, yet these are scarcely the qualities we honor. We prize we of this day who aim for the greatest pleasure of the greatest number, not the greatest good of the greatest number. Our forefathers may have been narrow but

re deep, and we are broad and shallow
 al only skin-deep. All the aspects of our
 present-day culture that incline us and press
 to be shallow and superficial, intellectually
 sloshod and lazy, and to take the easy, safe
 sh—all this spells death for the soul.

It is hard not to agree with Thomas
 Mifflin in his recently published book, "The
 Faust-High Culture," when he says, "We
 are in danger of becoming a vibrating and
 mediocre people" and when he asks: "Who
 would say that quality is in any phase of
 our culture outracing the spreading debase-
 ment?" and when he asks: "Have we sold
 our souls for a mess of potage that goes
 up, crackle and pop?"

Present-day popular standards in culture,
 taste, morals and values in life scream at us,
 human beings, as free men, as civilized
 men, as Christian men, "Here will I spill
 your soul."

* * * * *

The magnitude of the task before us as
 we fight against the forces arrayed against
 us in our efforts to save both our skins and
 our souls leads many a man to feel over-
 whelmed and powerless to make even the
 least headway in the way of progress. The
 sheer size of the job before us cries at us:
 "Here will I spill thy soul."

But we should not forget that God does
 undertake for us, that He does help those
 who help themselves. We are to do all that
 we can to help ourselves. When we have
 done this, He will then come along to help
 us, for He will not do for us what we can
 do for ourselves.

Yet having said this, I must use an-
 other's (Frederick Denison Maurice, 1805-
 1872) words as my own: "The more dreary
 and hopeless the condition of the world
 looks, and the more we are reminded how
 utterly weak and unfit we are to do anything
 for its renovation, the more confident that
 we shall be that the help which is done upon
 the earth He doeth it Himself; that He who
 cared for mankind must care for men more

than we can; and that our highest am-
 bition must be in some little sphere to be
 His ministers, not fulfilling our ends, but
 His."

* * * * *

The savagery and evil, both subtle and
 and sophisticated and brutal and violent,
 of our so-called enlightened 20th century
 shriek at us, "Here will I spill thy soul."

Many of us have grown so accustomed
 to the evil all about us that we now placidly
 accept it as an integral part of life. Yet
 many of us are still tender enough in heart
 and still civilized and human enough to
 be horror-stricken and sickened in our very
 souls over the inhumanity of man to man
 that seems to be a standard element in life
 nowadays.

We are deeply and directly involved in it,
 all of us, and its sin is our sin, and it shrieks
 at us every day of our lives, this vicious
 savagery and diabolical evil of our times,
 "Here will I spill thy soul."

* * * * *

Finally, the men in the Kremlin keep
 hurling at us Apollyon's threat: "Here will
 I spill thy soul."

That the leaders of Soviet Russia mean
 to do this very thing, any man clearly under-
 stands, who is not an utter dolt or an abject
 fool, or who is not totally blind and per-
 fectly brainwashed, a victim of Russia's
 most insidious propaganda which leads to



paralysis of will, or is in sympathy with Soviet Russia's methods and goals. To all that we protest we hold sacred and dear, the men in the Kremlin shout: "Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no farther: Here will I spill thy soul."

* * * * *

Lest the demon forces and fiendish pressures of our time triumph over us, what must we do?

2. *We must get down on our knees* and ask God of His mercy to forgive us our foolish and stupid, our frankly evil and sinful ways. We must beseech Almighty God, who knows us as we are, of His compassion to have pity upon us; to grant us to see the folly and error of our ways; to help us to change and mend and alter our way of life. Our prayer should be: Give us, O Lord, now in our time of need, penitent hearts, a right judgment in all things, the will and the manhood to act with courage in the direction of our best knowledge and highest truth, and, above all, to love that which Thou commandest.

2. *Then we must get up on our feet* and let ourselves be counted as foes-to-the-death of all that cries out at us, "Christian, free

man living in liberty under God, human being created in the image of God, here will I spill thy soul." It is time to stand and to speak up and to bear witness to the truth one knows, which means, for a man in our situation today, with a quiet gallantry to go to your cross.

3. *Next, look up at the Cross* and behold Him there who died for you and for man and for every man under the sun, and for this tragic world which knows not the things which belong to its peace. Look up at the Cross and behold Him who by dying there broke for all time the power of the evil that now screams at us, "Here will I spill thy soul."

4. *Lastly, do this: look above and beyond the Cross up to the heights where with God on high Christ reigns* as mankind's heavenly priest and everlasting king of kings. Hold Him in His majesty and glory triumphant over all that cries out to contemporary man "Here will I spill thy soul." Ask Him to invest your life with the strength—must be Heaven's own!—which alone will make you fearless and strong to withstand victoriously all the forces and voices which scream at you day and night "Here will I spill thy soul."



St. Augustine's High School in Bolahun, Liberia graduated eight including the first Bandi girl. Here we see the original student body in 1947 on the steps of their one-building school.

Stories That Are Seldom Told

BY ELWIN MALONE

Daniel Come to Judgment

Joachim, a Jew who lived in Babylon, married Susanna, the daughter of pious parents, who herself feared the Lord. She was also a beautiful woman to look upon. Her husband, a wealthy man, had a lovely garden adjoining their home, to which came many Jews since he was held in great esteem.

Two elders, who had been appointed judges, came often to Joachim's house and were heard the lawsuits of those who came for judgment. Every day these wicked men noticed the beauty of Susanna, and evil desires stirred their minds, so much so that they neither prayed to God nor decided the lawsuits justly. They kept, however, their evil thoughts from each other as they were so shameful to be spoken of, yet daily they feasted on her loveliness.

One day one of them said to the other: "Let us go home, for it is dinner time." Each pretended to go, but came back hoping to find Susanna alone, but instead faced each other shamefacedly. They then decided to confess their evil desires and to seek a time when they might come upon Susanna alone.

It happened one hot day that she wished to bathe in the garden and took her two maids with her as was her custom. Nobody saw the wicked elders as they hid and watched. Susanna called for towels, soap and ointments which the maids brought and they went out shutting the garden gate, never for a moment suspecting that the bad old men were hidden there.

Thinking the time favourable, the bad old men approached Susanna with disgusting demands, threatening that if she would not agree to their sinful wishes they would denounce her as an unfaithful wife, who met

her young lover in the garden. Susanna was desperately distraught but decided to maintain her innocence, and cried out for help with a loud voice. The servants at once came running to find out what had happened, and the two evil elders told the lying story they had concocted. The servants listened with grief and great shame for no unseemly conduct had ever been reported of Susanna.

Next day, the people assembled at Joachim's house, and to them the wicked elders made the lying accusation they had devised in their evil imagination. Susanna was sent for; they demanded that she be unveiled so that they might wickedly feast their eyes upon her beauty. At this all her friends wept for shame. The elders swore to the truth of their false story about her youthful lover, declaring that he had escaped them, being stronger than they, and that Susanna had refused to disclose his name. The assembly believed their falsehood and condemned her to death. Then Susanna prayed to God fervently to vindicate her innocence and confute her false accusers.

As she was being led to death, a young man named Daniel, a Jew of the captivity in Babylon, cried out aloud, "I refuse to have this woman's blood on my conscience." He demanded that the sentence of death should not be carried out until a further examination of the statements of her accusers was made.

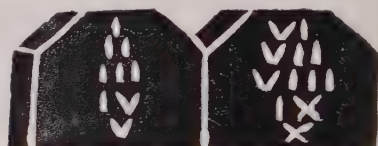
So they returned to the place of judgment and Daniel insisted that the accusers should be separated from each other so that neither might hear the evidence of the other. Calling one of them he accused him of condemning the innocent in his wicked-

ness and asked him this question, "Under what kind of tree did you find this woman and her lover in company?" The elder answered, "Under a mastick gum tree." "That I know to be a lie," said Daniel, but bring the other elder." He accused him also of making a false accusation and asked him the same question. His answer was "An oak tree." "You, too, have lied," said Daniel.

On that the assembly praised God for his mercy in saving those who trust him and demanded that the same judgment be executed on the wicked elders as had been pronounced on Susanna.

Thus the innocent was saved and Susanna's parents and husband rejoiced greatly and praised God because her innocence was vindicated.

Daniel, too, from that day forward held in great reputation by the people for his wisdom.



Meditation On Psalm 130

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.

O let me see my deep:

I consider my life and find no gross sin to mar my sleep; no flagrant iniquity:

But I can bring to mind no positive goodness, no burning charity.

And yet, in this heart-searching hour, out of the deep I cry.

My soul is disquieted within me;

I sigh—where is my deep?

I am not burdened with power nor have I wealth; but having ended each day's task, little I ask:

Health, a cheerful fire, an easy chair; a flower in season; a book, good friends; a share of other things in reason.

Where lies my sin?

A still voice speaks within:

"A stable, My infant bed; a cross for My dying head; poverty My friend; Calvary My end.

No earthly comforts I knew, .

I came to comfort you.

My hours of ease spent on My knees;

My fire, My burning love which drew Me from above.

My flower, a crown of thorn.

For this was I born."

If thou wilt be extreme to mark what I have done amiss;

O Lord, who may abide it!

Thy presence as a beam lights up my soul. My sin—I cannot hide it!

There is an abyss deeper than the sea's depth, steeper than the steep ascent of Purgatory.

It is this that, beholding, maketh angels weep.

This is the profound pit from which I cry, O Lord, hear my voice!

It is the deep of self, my hidden sin; my self is subtle, and can weave a potent spell to make believe that all is well, sin but a myth, and hell an outworn story.

But there is mercy with Thee.

Lord, let thy love drop on my heart and let me fear Thee:

Wear through the stone into the core. Let me draw near Thee and evermore love and adore.

BY CHARLES J. WOOD



- Book Reviews -



FAITH, FREEDOM, AND SELFHOOD, by Charles R. Stinnette, Jr. (The Seabury Press, Greenwich, Conn., 1959). pp. 239. Cloth. \$4.75.

Many great voices are talking now about the same subject: Communication. They say that we are victims of a world-wide failure of people to make themselves really understood and really to understand others. No writer is likely to excel Dr. Stinnette in penetrating this problem and in showing the way out.

He makes it clear that the freedom of our prosperous age is dismally unsatisfying. People are being molded to a pattern that does not fit human nature. It leaves them lonely inside, with too many fears, with an inability to make the decisions which freedom forces upon them.

Hobbes and his successors are mainly to blame for making us a scheme of thinking which leaves God out and sees man as supreme (so that we may talk of God while we really expect things to be determined by human powers). This does not result in a society of comrades but in one of conformists, who may chatter together but share nothing deep. Consumption of goods and means of advancement hold us together, but for what? Modern society has no sense of purpose. It is a gathering of spiritually separated individuals. Although the aggregation is brilliant, loud and comfortable, the ill-conjoined members are deserving of Whittier's rebuke:

*What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thine own dark jail?*

Selfhood cannot be realized with any adequacy by persons thus conditioned. The author pursues the problem into psychologi-

cal fields to show that man cannot find himself in a world that acts as if there were no God. It is in the Community of the Church that man enters into the inheritance that frees him. In this family of Christ we are in a covenant relationship with God and our brethren. We surrender our ego to accept God's unearned gift of pardon and love. By worship we share powerful symbols of reality which brings us into contact with the redeeming deeds of God. We have security in our life of fellowship in the Spirit under the disciplinary pressure of that Truth which is known only in the Community.

All this is not saying, "Go to mass every Sunday and be a complete person in the eyes of God and man." But a person who goes to mass every Sunday with every power and need alert would be in process of completion! There must be *propinquity*: the Christians must gather together, then *participation* will cause growth. We must be committed so that our surrender to God and one another is genuine. Our reactions to our fellows involve acceptance and resistance as do their reactions towards us. In community living and under grace these will operate to form the true self.

Really listening, giving full mind to what God is telling us in prayer and worship, and to what our brethren have in their hearts for us to know, this is essential.

First is faith: "the stance of expectancy."

Some people realize that the Church must recover for her children that sense of fraternity which was a chief strength in the early centuries, that holy, glowing sense of belonging which has a counterfeit in Islam, Mormonism, and in peculiar self-centered sects. This is a major portion of our inheritance which has escaped us somehow. The road to its recovery is likely to be found, under God, along signposts firmly planted

by such a study of needs and resources.

The book has riches of illustration, gems from even the most *moderne* sources testify to the broad, deep, high knowledge of the Union Seminary professor and priest.

HOLY COMMUNION, An Anthology of Christian Devotion, by the Rev'd. Dr. Massey H. Shepherd, Jr. (The Seabury Press, Greenwich, Conn., 1959) pp. 162. Cloth, \$3.00.

We are deeply grateful to Dr. Shepherd for compiling this volume of eucharistic devotions drawn from sources old and new, and arranged chronologically. Starting with the well-known thanksgiving proper found in the Didache and appropriate quotations from St. Ignatius of Antioch and St. Irenaeus, we are carried through a gallery of devotional gems all the way to "An Irish Te Deum," and one of the loveliest selections from Alan Paton's "Meditation for a Young Boy Confirmed," and an extract from the Liturgy of the Church of South India. In the Foreword the author gives

some general hints as to how the book can be used by devout communicants both in preparation for receiving the Sacrament and for thanksgiving after. After a few not inappropriate quotations from Luther, Calvin and Archbishop Cranmer, the greater part of the selections in the latter half of the anthology come from Anglican writings, both in verse and in prose. It is most impressive to realize the deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of so many saintly souls through the Christian centuries. That one of our outstanding liturgical scholars should arrange such a collection of devotions makes it possible for us to share with them some fresh understanding of the joy, as well as the mystery of fellowship in the Holy Sacrament of the altar. But we would issue one word of warning. Let no one think that he can skim through the book and feel "rightly devout in a hurry." Time and composition are required to enter into the spirit of the holy men and women through the ages.

—R.E.C.



Heirs and friends of our Father Founder kept the 75th anniversary of his Life Profession, at Holy Cross on the 25th of November.

The frontispiece is the gift of the Church of the Atonement, Chicago, from one of their windows.

A Scholar Archbishop

Richard Chenevix Trench was Archbishop of Dublin some three quarters of a century ago, and few men of any century had a riper and broader knowledge of languages in general. His capacity for interpretation was amazing, and all succeeding generations will have cause to be thankful that he turned the light of his vast erudition upon the New Testament. Of course, much has been discovered about New Testament Greek since his day, but it is still true that whatever else one might study, one has also to turn constantly to his works on the miracles and the parables, and most of all to his great work on New Testament synonyms.

Of course, one does not expect the average man to have the grammar and etymologies of the New Testament at his fingers' ends, but it should be required of those who are appointed to teach our congregations the real meanings of the Scriptures, that they have a working knowledge of the language in which our Sacred Writings are given to us. Otherwise they will miss in almost every passage they might consider, the delicate variations of the writer's meaning; and Trench again says, "Where is it so desirable that we should miss nothing, that we should lose no finer intention of the writer, as in those words which are the vehicles of the very mind of God Himself?" Many of the most delicate and most important shades of meaning in which Greek excels, as well as all-important nuances upon words and phrases, which it is impossible to convey in any translation, can only be sensed through some knowledge of the tongue itself; and a knowledge of these is necessary if we would know fully what the Holy Spirit intended to convey to us through the inspired word.

One can take passages almost at random from the New Testament and find illustrations of what we are considering. An illuminating instance is found, for example, in the colloquy between our Lord and St. Peter when He sought to wash his feet in the Upper Room on the night in which He was betrayed, as St. John records it in his thirteenth chapter. The passage is filled with

meanings and emphases of great importance which are wholly lost in our translation. We recall that the disciple, profoundly conscious of his unworthiness, protests against our Lord's action, crying out, "Dost Thou wash my feet?" "Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Such is the Authorized translation. Let us examine it closely. In the first place, we find that St. Peter's question, or rather horrified exclamation we might call it, is about as strong a protest as the Greek language in which St. John reports it, is capable of expressing. The position and order of the pronouns brings out the sharpest possible contrast between our Lord and himself. That the Master should perform such a service for the servant is to St. Peter an unthinkable action. He draws back, startled and afraid at such condescension on the part of the Master whom he himself had recognized long ago as "the Christ, the Son of the living God" (St. Matt. 16:16). This attitude was shared by all the disciples. The ancient Passion Play at Oberammergau gives the true interpretation when it represents them as shaken with sobs of protesting emotion as he comes to them one by one and kneeling down, washes and kisses their unworthy feet.

Our Lord counters St. Peter's protest in language equally as strong: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Nearly every word in this translation of our Lord's reply needs strengthening. Again we find that the position of the pronouns carries on St. Peter's contrast between himself and our Lord, and furthermore, "I" and "you" are not left to be understood from the form of the verbs, as is often the case, but they are written out in full, so emphatic is the distinction between His thought and that of the disciple who could not as yet understand these mysteries since the Holy Ghost had not yet been given for their enlightenment.

Our translators thought it well to repeat the word *know* in our Lord's reply, with the result that the reader is given the erroneous

impression that there is such a repetition in the original. As St. John wrote the sentence there is no repetition. The words in the Greek are not the same, and the difference in their meaning is markedly significant. The first word implies a knowledge absolute and complete, and it is used in direct contrast to the second word which means a knowledge gained by observation and experience. This latter word should be rather translated "thou shalt learn" than "thou shalt know." It describes a knowledge which is progressive, a coming to perceive and understand by persevering processes. The first half of our Lord's saying might be freely paraphrased thus: "What I do, I who am the Son of God, come to fulfill to the uttermost the mighty purposes which grow out of the infinite love of God; what I do, thou the creature, girt about with sin and infirmity, thou knowest not just now." Had Peter grasped the meaning of these words, well might he have despaired of understanding at all the mission of his Master. The emphasis on the *now* gives the promise of what the future holds for all the children of God. But our Lord in His tender compassion does not wait for the disciple to catch the difficult implication. Swiftly He goes on to add the comforting promise—"Thou shalt gain the knowledge," and not "hereafter" as though He were referring to some future appointed occasion, but as the words should be rendered, "after these things," after the completion of this series of transcending events which I am now inaugurating—"My Passion and Death, My Burial and Resurrection, My Ascension into heaven, and the sending of the Holy Spirit—when these things are accomplished, then shalt thou understand."

This promise brings to mind another saying of our Lord's in this same discourse in the Upper Room. In chapter 16 He is telling them of the coming of the Holy Spirit, and of that office of the Spirit in convicting men of the fact of sin in their lives, of the possibility that they can live righteously, and that there is a judgment to come which will be

according as they have lived in this life for good or for evil.

The disciples did not have to wait, however, for Pentecost before receiving a very real fulfillment of this promise. After He had risen from the dead, St. Luke tells us that appearing to them in the same Upper Room where He had given them the promise, He recalled that He had told them "that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses and in the prophets and in the psalms" concerning Him. The evangelist proceeds to declare that then "opened their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures."

It has been pointed out that this was perhaps the most stupendous miracle that our Lord ever wrought. That ignorant and unlearned men should in a moment of time be endowed with a power of intellectual comprehension which they never before possessed, and that this gift should enable them to see the hidden meaning of a book which had been closed through the ages to all men, even the wisest, was a greater demonstration of divine power than any act of healing, feeding of multitudes, or stilling of tempests on the sea.

By this gift he so wrought upon them that by use of their natural reason they were able to perceive the deeper meanings of Scripture which had been hidden. They were able to fathom and compass mysteries of Moses and the prophets and the psalms, in a manner and degree which would not have been possible but for a miraculous expansion and heightening of their powers of reasoning such as perhaps had not been known among men since the blight of the fall descended upon the race.



This paper bore the name of no writer, but we are grateful to its author.—Ed.



The Order Of The Holy Cross

Fr. Superior gave talks about the Holy Cross Liberian Mission to people of St. Ignace Church, N. Y. C., on the 8th; Reformer, Morristown, N. J., on the 10th; and Peace Church, Madison on the 11th. He assisted at an ordination at Trinity Church, Pottsville, Penna., on the 14th. He conducted a conference for Oblates of Greater New York at St. Luke's Chapel on the 24th. He sang the high mass here for the festival anniversary of our Father Founder's Life Profession, seventy-five years ago, on November 25th.

Fr. Hawkins resumed visits to Toronto to hear confessions at the convent of the Sisters of St. John the Divine on the 2nd. He held conferences with the St. Stephen's nuns at Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., the 10-11th and met the Great Lakes Oblates at Racine, Wisconsin on the 16th. On his return journey he had a priests' retreat in connection with the Niagara Diocesan Conference in Hamilton, Ontario on the 18th. He conducted a Quiet Day at St. Augustine's, Croton-on-Hudson on the 21st.

Fr. Harris presented another class for confirmation at Sing Sing Prison on the 10th. His counselling work with inmates has been recognized by a letter of thanks from officials.

Fr. Spencer attended the Liturgical Conference of the Southwest at St. Paul's, San Antonio, Texas, the 16-18th. He is also scheduled to take over editorship of this magazine with the January issue.

Fr. Bessom took his turn in the series of talks being given by O.H.C. men for the Philadelphia laymen, speaking at St. Andrew's Church on the 24th. He was Men's Corporate Communion Breakfast speaker at the new St. Paul's-on-the-Hill, Ossining on the 29th.

Fr. Packard conducted at parochial mission at All Saints' Church, Rochester, the 15-15th. He gave an address at Christ Church, Stanhope, N. J., on the 29th.

Fr. Terry had almost a month in Canada with sermons or schools of prayer at the Kingston Cathedral, St. Margaret's, Hamilton, Ancaster and Sarnia. He was visitor and advisor in Huron Seminary and Trinity College. At the end of the month he had another school of prayer at St. Paul's Church, Washington, D.C. Then he worked some more seminaries.

Br. Charles assisted in a parochial mission at Calvary Church, Syracuse from the 1st to the 8th, and in another with Fr. Packard at Rochester the following week.

Fr. Smith was the special preacher at Mt. Calvary, Baltimore on All Saints' Day and conducted a mission at St. Matthias' Church from the 15th through the 22nd.

Fr. Smyth flew on the 10th from Idlewild to return to the Mission for his third tour of medical work. The Superior and Commissary saw him off.

The entire novitiate squeezed into a sedan and station wagon for a day off after lots of work on the grounds and, on the 4th, took a lunch and visited St. Mary's School, Peekskill and St. Basil's (Greek Orthodox teacher training) School at Garrison. Fourteen men of God, one and a quarter tons of O. H.C. hopes, made the trip.

DECEMBER

Fr. Superior will preach at St. Michael's, Trenton, N. J., on the 6th. He will give an address at St. Luke's Chapel, N. Y. C., on the 13th. With other members canonically connected with the New York Diocese he will take part in the election on the 15th.

Fr. Hawkins gives a retreat at the Convent of the Holy Nativity, Bayshore, L. I., from the 4th to the 7th, goes to Albany for confessions on the 22nd and conducts a retreat for the Sisters of the Church beginning on the 27th, in Toronto.

Fr. Spencer will conduct a retreat at the House of the Redeemer from the 4th to the 7th.

Fr. Packard will do the same on the weekend of the 11th to the 14th.

Fr. Terry will visit the Seminarists Associate and others at Virginia, Philadelphia

and General, returning to the Mother House on the 10th. Then he goes to Yaleville, Conn., for a school of prayer, 13-15th.

Br. Charles has speaking engagements at St. Stephen's, Providence on the first weekend of the month.

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

Some of our work this autumn has been with college students. Two groups from Bennett Junior College and one from Smith came to the convent for retreats, and another group from New Paltz State Teachers' College came for the afternoon and a meditation on All Saints' Day. Other activities included a trip to Poughkeepsie where Sister Rachel spoke to the Vassar Synagogue on Religious Education. Since the talk was preceded by the Friday night service in the synagogue, the Church History class, including the postulants and the youngest novice, were invited to go along. They set out in the station wagon after supper, forgetting to take any money. There was forty-one cents of parking money in the car, enough to get across the bridge but not enough to get back, so they landed at the synagogue nine cents short and had to ask for a loan. After the talk, the Rabbi showed the Sisters the ark and the Torah, a beautiful parchment copy, 700 years old, brought out of Germany by a refugee Jew, and told us something of his hopes and beliefs and his work with his people.

Sister Josephine left on November 2 for her visit to South Carolina. She spoke on the 4th to a meeting of the Episcopal Church Women in Pineville, and on the next day to the District Meeting of Episcopal Church Women in Eutawville.

Sister Clare and Sister Rachel travelled together as far as Washington, D. C. where Sister Rachel spent a week at National

Cathedral School, speaking at chapel and helping with the Bible classes. Sister Clare went on to New Orleans. She spoke on the life and work of the Order, at Shreveport, Louisiana.

Other work away from home included talks on the religious life at Holy Trinity Church, Valley Stream, New York by Sister Elisabeth and at Highland Mills by Sister Grace. Sister Clare spoke about the Order to a group from the Church of the Epiphany, Southbury, Connecticut, who visited us on November 28. Sister Rachel gave a Quiet Day on November 29th for a group of High School girls from George's Church, Newburgh.

Mrs. Nancy Stringer, who teaches art at St. Mary's School, Peekskill, has been coming to us every two or three weeks to help us make cards by silk screen. We are hope-fully producing some for Christmas.

We have had many guests this month, including Father and Mrs. Lewis from St. Ignace Point. On the 25th we went to Holy Cross for the anniversary of the Father's Founder's Profession.

Our engagements for December include Sister Josephine's visit to the Convent of St. Helena and Margaret Hall School, Versailles, Kentucky and two Quiet Days given at the Mother House December 1 and 5, for local Associates. Sisters Mary Florence and Ignatia will conduct the

the 11th we expect a group of High School girls from the Church of the Resurrection, Pelham, for a retreat.

The December retreat for the Sisters will be given by the Father Superior, O.H.C., on December 22. Members of other communities in our area have been invited to join us for the retreat.

Advent in the convent can be the real thing. The colour is purple, the beautiful

Advent office with the Great O's leads up to the solemnity of the midnight Mass without the intrusion of premature Christmas carols. We have a few guests with us to share in the feast, and we look forward each year to the buffet "talking suppers" on the three nights following Christmas as part of our special family celebration of Christmas.

The chapel fund needs \$33,050. more before we begin to build.

Versailles Notes

At the first Thursday Mass in October, new-girl members of the Guild of Saint Mary the Divine, twenty-five of them, kneeling at the altar, were received into the Guild and were given their crosses. Mass is always offered in the school chapel on Thursdays, as on Sundays and Prayer Week feasts, so as to have room for more people. Our Convent chapel has seats for thirty-eight, sitting very close together, although chairs can be brought from the library, and there is a stairway in the hall outside. We have had as many as fourteen guests at Mass or Vespers, but we move them to the school chapel if we have any idea that there is going to be a crowd.

The entire Guild of St. John meets, rather informally, once a month, after Sunday dinner and plans their activities. On a recent Saturday, eight of them went to call at the Taylor Manor Nursing Home, a fine home and hospital for older people in Versailles, run by a small but growing order of Roman Catholic sisters. The Guild sponsored a Thanksgiving basket project and a Christmas party for small children. Their most demanding undertaking is raising the money through the year for the support of the Orphan Child in Korea. A good share of this is made up of the proceeds from the Love Tuesday Carnival in February.

On the first Saturday in November was the date of the first Informal Dance. The week before Thanksgiving, the Hockey Tournament took place, and the Developmental

Reading Program came to an end. Thirteen girls took the course. We were sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Cynthia Knox, from Princeton, who did the teaching, and went riding and picnicking and tennis-playing and concerting with us during the six weeks. Ten girls are attending a weekly Confirmation and Refresher class conducted by Father Dunphy.

Sister Alice spoke to the Canterbury Club at Eastern State College in Richmond on November 15th. Our Assistant Superior, Sister Josephine, is scheduled to make us a visitation the first week in December.



We began Advent properly by lighting the first candle on the Wreath at dinner, November 28th. French Advent houses, made by students several years ago, appeared on the French bulletin board. Candles will be lit in due succession, bringing the Advent and Christmas Carol concert, December 13th, and the farewell Advent Banquet, December 17th. On the 18th, the school will disperse, and there will be Margaret Hall girls for the Holy Feast of Christmas in fifty homes, from New Hampshire, to Florida, to Texas.

To My Teenage Son On Christmas

BY DOROTHY ROBY SCHNEIDER

How many Christmas Eves I remember when your father and I had arranged your gifts under the tree, then suddenly we would say to each other, "Is that all we have for him? Do you think it's enough? Our deepest wish was, and still is, for you to be happy on Christmas morning.

Your wants are no longer the easily satisfied wants of a small child. You know as well as we do that the thing you want most in the world will neither be under the tree nor out in the driveway, with the registration filled out in your name. Perhaps this year you may be disappointed not only to find that your gifts are less than perfect, but the whole celebration of Christmas may not be quite the perfect joy it has always been before.

As you begin to look more with the eyes of an adult than a child, you may see through the decorations and colored lights, see beneath them the same old streets and houses, not really transformed by the Birth of Christ, only gaudily trimmed. I know you were aware that the Christmas Dance last Friday had nothing to do with the meaning of Christmas; that so far as many of the people who were there are concerned, Christ might never have been born.

Even as you serve at the altar the pleasure of wearing your red cassock may be marred by the hole in the carpet under your knees. You may be distracted by that same crack in the plaster, barely covered by pine branches, as thinly disguised as your mother's impatience in the kitchen on Christmas Eve, as your father's temper when the tree refused to stand straight, . . . as your own reluctance to help with all the extra dishwashing, housecleaning and trash burning when you had counted on watching Pat Boone.

That's the worst part of all, when we feel that we ourselves have failed to show the spirit of Christmas. Knowing that Advent

should be weeks of greater love, and clemency, and self-giving in preparation for Christ's coming, yet we still persist in the same old faults, falling into contention and angry words. If you cannot look at your own mother and father and see an example of loving gentleness as becomes the Birthday of Our Lord, if there is not peace in your own home, then where *can* there be the Peace on Earth of which the angels sang?

Have we been deceived? Will it be in finding out that Santa Claus is only a man in a red suit? Or should we pretend that all is right with the world on Christmas because we know it ought to be?

Don't pretend. Don't look away from the crack in the plaster. Don't say you don't really want a car of your own because you know you cannot have one. Don't kid yourself into believing that Christmas is joyful when you know that it is not. The world still is full of evil. We still are the same, imperfect selves.

Think how the *Church* celebrates the Birth of Christ. We re-enact His Passion and Death. We re-offer His sacrifice in joy and in sorrow, both at the same time. In *sorrow* that the world received Him in *joy* that He continues to come to those who want Him. He comes, this Christ, in a way which is, for us, even more wonderful than that, a way made possible only by His suffering and death. In spite of all our failings and our faults, He comes *anyway into the soul; into your soul.*

Into your soul Christ brings His peace, the compendium of all sorrow and all joy. "Not as the world gives, give I unto you," He said, but peace which the world cannot give, the peace of angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

Bless you, my child, this Christmas. May the peace of the Lord be with you and within you, now and always.—A

Christmas Blessings For The Home

The following devotions may be used on Christmas Eve, in whole or in part, at any convenient time when the family is gathered together. While it is customary for the father, as head of the family, to act as leader, the blessings may be read by any older member of the family, or the reading may be shared by the children.

BLESSING OF THE TREE

Antiphon or Leader. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

1 Who hath made heaven and earth.

Antiphon (all). All the trees of the wood shout for joy before the lord, for He cometh.

Psalms 96 (read by leader alternately with the rest of the family).....

2 SING unto the Lord a new song; * sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

3 Sing unto the Lord, and praise his name; * be telling of his salvation from day to day.

4 Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his wonders unto all peoples.

5 For the Lord is great, and cannot wrongly be praised; * he is more to be feared than all gods.

6 As for all the gods of the heathen, they are but idols; * but it is the Lord that made the heavens.

7 Glory and worship are before him; power and honour are in his sanctuary.

8 Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the peoples, * ascribe unto the Lord worship and power.

9 Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due to his Name; * bring presents, and come to his courts.

10 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; * let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

11 Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is King, and that it is he who hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved; * and how that he shall judge the peoples righteously.



11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; * let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is in it; * then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

13 For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; * and with righteousness to judge the world, and the peoples with his truth.

Antiphon repeated (all). All the trees of the wood shout for joy before the Lord, for He cometh.

A Lesson from the Prophet Ezekiel, 17:22
24 (leader)

Thus saith the Lord God; I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it, I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon a high mountain and eminent: In the mountain of the height of Israel will I plant it: and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly cedar: and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing; in the shadow of the branches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree flourish: I the Lord have spoken and have it done.

All. Thanks be to God.

Leader. And there shall come forth a shoot,

All. Out of the root of Jesus.

Leader. Christ is the tree of life.

All. We are the branches.

Leader. In Him was life.

All. And the life was the light of men.

Leader. O Lord hear my prayer.

All. And let my cry come unto Thee.

Leader. The Lord be with you.

All. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray. Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God, Who hast caused Thy Son, Our Lord Jesus Christ, to be planted like a tree of life in Thy Church, bless, we beseech Thee, this tree that all who see it may be filled with a holy desire to be grafted as living branches into the same Our Lord Jesus Christ; and grant that as we have adorned this tree so our souls may be adorned by Thy graces, that we may come to behold Him who is eternal Light and Beauty, the same Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

All. Amen.

BLESSING OF A CHRIST CANDLE

A Christ Candle is a large candle lighted on Christmas Eve as a symbol of Christ, the Light of the World. It may be made at home and decorated if desired, with liturgical designs related to the Nativity.

Let us pray. O God, Who hast enlightened this most holy night with the beams of Thy one true Light, bless, we beseech Thee, this candle that its flame may be to all who see it a sign of Christ, the Light of the World; and grant that we, who have known the mystery of His light on earth, may also attain to His joys in heaven. Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever One God, world without end.

All. Amen.



BENEDICTION

All. The Lord bless us and keep us. TH

* Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace this night and evermore. Amen.

Leader. Today shall ye know that the Lord will come and deliver you: and in the morning ye shall see the glory of the Lord.

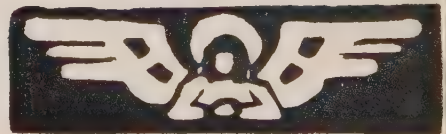
BLESSING OF CHRISTMAS BREADS AND CAKES

This blessing may be used for cookies, fruit cakes, or any Christmas foods, either on Christmas Eve, or earlier, whenever the foods are prepared.

Let us pray. O God, Creator of all things Who has caused our land to bring forth fruit, Who givest wine to gladden the heart of man and bread to strengthen man's heart, graciously bless, we beseech Thee, this (.....) prepared in honor of the birth of Thy Son, that all who eat it may have health of body and soul. Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord, the living bread that came down from heaven and giveth life and salvation to the world; Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, forever and ever.

All. Amen.

This compilation of Christmas Blessings made by Dorothy R. Schneider, is repeated by request from a year ago. Her letter "My Teen-age Son on Christmas" was printed in "The Pastoral Staff" of the Diocese of Western Massachusetts.





CRIB AND CROSS IN
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL

OUTGOING MAIL

Dear Father,

Indeed we do approve of your plan to send the Christmas Crib offerings to us for the Holy Cross Liberian Mission. The folders describing the work will follow by second class mail.

It is very appropriate that gifts left at the feet of the Holy Child in our churches should go for mission purposes. The Bolan work does much for children. First, there are those whose mothers died in childbirth and who would not be nursed because of native superstition. The Mission

A Salutation To Our Lady

Hail! thou Maid of virtue,
Perpetual purity is thine.
Honour, praise and glory ever,
To Thee accorded,
Most perfect of creation.

Holiest of mortals, elevated above the Saints
Epitome of womankind.
Constant example of motherhood supreme,
And Patroness of the world.

Sweetest Flower adorned in radiance,
Whose ear is increasingly turned to hear
our sorrow,
Whose lips ever entreat in our behalf,
Pity our misery and pray, we too
Shall glimpse thy Son and King.

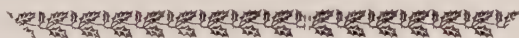
Thou Queen of humanity;
(Oh, Exquisite Excellence.)
Alone of earth revered; of nature:
Humble recipient of extravagant praise:
Who bore the Sorrows of Infinity and
Measure of the Universe
Enclosed in Blessed Flesh.

—Mrs. Arthur Richard Chilcott, Jr.

has a regular department for caring for these children, and the foreign staff must give up its (powdered) milk if the tiny ones need it. Secondly, there are the many children brought to the Well Baby Clinic for various treatments which successfully oppose the 50 per cent infant mortality rate of the country in general. Thirdly, there are the children who are brought in other ways under the influence of the Mission and whose lives are brightened and sweetened beyond measure.

So the Holy Child, the Creche and our Mission are quite related!

God bless your Advent and Christmas!



*The Staff of the Press and Magazine Pray
that You may have a Blessed and
Merry Christmas!*



An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Nov. - Dec. 1959

- 16 Ember Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) Advent i—for all seminaries of the Church
 - 17 Thursday O Sapientia V Mass of Advent iii col 2) Advent i—for all who travel by air
 - 18 Ember Friday V as on December 16—for the Seminarists Associate
 - 19 Ember Saturday V as on December 16—for ordinands
 - 20 4th Sunday in Advent Double I C1 V col 2) Advent i cr pref of Trinity—for a devout preparation for the Nativity feast
 - 21 St Thomas Apostle Double II C1 R g1 col 2) Advent i cr pref of Apostles—for the Church in India, especially concerning reunion
 - 22 Tuesday V Mass of Advent iv col 2) Advent i—for the Church Army
 - 23 Wednesday V as on December 22—for the humane treatment of animals
 - 24 Christmas Eve V col 2) Advent i Gradual without Alleluia—for the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity
 - 25 Christmas Day Double I C1 W g1 cr pref of Christmas till Epiphany unless otherwise directed—in thanksgiving for the Incarnation
 - 26 St Stephen Deacon and Martyr Double II C1 R g1 col 2) Christmas cr—for the Society of St Stephen
 - 27 St John Apostle and Evangelist Double II C1 W g1 col 2) Christmas cr—for the Society of St John the Evangelist
 - 28 Holy Innocents Martyrs Double II C1 V col 2) Christmas Tract instead of Alleluia cr—for the Christian training of children
 - 29 St Thomas of Canterbury BM Double R g1 col 2) Christmas cr—for the Church of England
 - 30 Wednesday within Octave Mass of Sunday after Christmas g1 cr—for all missions, retreats and schools of prayer
 - 31 St Sylvester BC Double W g1 col 2) Christmas cr—for the Oblates of Mt Calvary
-
- January 1 Circumcision of Our Lord Double II C1 W g1 col 2) Christmas cr—for the sanctification of the faithful
 - 2 Saturday W Mass of Sunday after Christmas g1—for peace with justice
 - 3 2nd Sunday after Christmas Double W g1 cr—for the Sisters of the Holy Name
 - 4 Monday W Mass of Christmas ii g1 col 2) St Titus BC—for the Order of the Holy Cross
 - 5 Tuesday W Mass of Christmas ii g1—for the Priests Associate
 - 6 Epiphany Double I C1 W g1 cr prop pref through Octave unless otherwise directed—in thanksgiving for our Lord's revelation
 - 7 Thursday W Mass off Epiphany g1—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross
 - 8 Friday W as on January 7—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
 - 9 Of St Mary Simple W g1 pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Community of St Mary
 - 10 1st Sunday after Epiphany W g1 col 3) St Paul the First Hermit 2) Epiphany cr—for the Order of St. Helena
 - 11 Monday W Mass of Epiphany g1—for vocations to the religious orders
 - 12 Tuesday W as on January 12—for all our benefactors and supporters
 - 13 Octave of Epiphany Gr Double g1 cr—for Christian family life
 - 14 St Hilary BCD Double W g1 cr—for all overseas missions
 - 15 St Maurus Ab Simple W g1—for all in military service
 - 16 Of St Mary Simple W as on January 9—for all the teaching work of the Church

Index For 1959, Vol. LXX

- ed—Soldier, Statesman, Scholar, Saint, Feb., 39
- Souls' Day Our True Memorial Day, Nov., 333
- American Primate Enthroned, An, Mar., 73
- Angels Unawares? Oct., 291
- an Ordination, June, 172
- Binson, Sydney J., O.H.C., Jan., 6, Apr., 102
- Bum Hymn, Oct., 311
- Bonds, William Joseph, Dec.,
- er, Marion Dane, Jan., 18, Feb., 52, Mar. 83, Apr., 112, May, 146, June, 180, July, 211, Aug., 244, Sept., 277, Oct., 305, Nov., 329
- Ye Angry and Sin Not, Oct., 305
- ker, Michael R., May, 140
- neath the Cross of Jesus, Mar., 78
- ssom, Joseph H., O.H.C., July, 216, Sept., 279
- Chief, The, June, 171
- own, Hester, Dec., 367
- rn, Mary, Apr., 109, Dec., 361
- ryneat, J. Peter, June, 184
- sh, William, Jan., 15
- mpbell, the Rt. Rev. Robert Erskine, O.H.C., Apr., 106, July, 195
- Charles, Brother, O.H.C., May, 149
- ilcott, Mrs. Arthur Richard Jr., Dec., 383
- rist Was Not a Carpenter, Sept., 279
- ristian Brahmin, The, Dec., 365
- ristus Rex, Oct., 312
- llins, David B., Feb., 35
- llins, Robert M., Mar., 78
- ompanions, June, 184
- lly, Kendig Brubaker, June, 172
- amrosch, Frank, Jan., 19, Oct., 291
- avis, Esther H., Jan., 14
- death (?), Dec., 363
- enial, Mar., 86
- ckey, Elsie Gertrude, Nov., 341
- arly Days of the C.L.G., July, 203
- lkins, Kendall, Sept., 259
- Even So We Speak, Jan., 18, Feb., 52, Mar., 83, Apr., 112, May, 146, June, 180, July, 211, Aug., 244, Sept., 277, Oct., 305, Nov., 329
- Francis, Brother, O.H.C., May, 147, July, 208, Sept., 278
- Father Allen, Apr., 106
- Firsts and Lasts of Church Unity, Jan., 15
- From 'First Century Christianity,' Apr., 100
- Geisbuhler, Elisabeth Chase, Apr., 118
- Gentleman of the Old Testament, A, Jan., 19
- Glory to God, Aug., 227
- Graham, John Patrick, Jan., 10, Feb., 46, Apr., 104, June, 173
- Grayson Donald, Oct., 312
- Harrison, Jesse McVeigh, O.H.C., Apr., 100
- Here Will I Spill thy Soul, Dec., 367
- Hickling, Mrs. Rowland E., Jan., 23
- Hinds, Kenneth A. B., Nov., 334
- Holiness—the Second Note of the Church, Nov., 325
- Hour of Decision, Nov., 323
- How to End a Sermon, Aug., 232
- Hughson, Shirley Carter, O.H.C., June, 163, July, 199
- I Beheld God, Aug., 245
- Important Thing, The, May, 131
- In the Master's Vineyard, Feb., 52
- Jesse McVeigh Harrison, O.H.C. (R.I.P.), Mar., 71
- John Ketel, the Cook, Sept., 273
- Joiner, Franklin, Mar., 67, Aug., 239, Nov., 325
- Joy in Suffering, Mar., 87
- Kates, Frederick Ward, Jan., 3, May, 131, Dec.,
- Keirn, Harry L., Aug., 236
- Kidderfi Isabelle, Oct., 311
- Known in the Breaking of Bread, July, 220
- Kunhardt, Daniel B., June, 181

Labor Day Mass of St. Joseph, A, Aug., 246
 LeMoine, George F., June, 166, Oct., 300
 Lightbourn, Francis C., Aug., 232
 Litany of the Hand of Christ, Mar., 84
 Lytle, R. Ridgely, III, Aug., 245

Malone, Elwin, May, 138, June, 177, July,
 214, Aug., 228, Sept., 266, Oct., 294,
 Dec., 367

Man Who Had to Decide, The, Aug., 252
 May—Mother-Mary, May, 147
 Meditation on Psalm 130, Dec., 372
 Meditation on the Cross, Sept., 278
 My Privilege, Jan., 23
 Mystery, Nov., 341

New York Days of C.G.L., May, 132
 No, June, 166
 Norton, David W., Jr., Nov., 333
 Notes on Liberian Medical Work, Nov., 330

Of Priests and Funerals, Nov., 334
 Omnia Opera Domini, Oct., 310
 On the Blessed Sacrament Lamp, Sept., 271
 Our Brethren on the Continent, Aug., 236
 Our First Headmaster, July, 195
 Ours for Keeps, Apr., 99

Packard, A. Appleton, O.H.C., May, 132,
 July, 203

Palmer, R.F., S.S.J.E., June, 179

Parker, Dorothy Mills, Mar., 73

Parker, Ramon L., Sept., 271

Peaceable Close, The, Dec., 367

Pettway, Roy, Sept., 299

Pilgrim, John, Sept., 273, Dec., 363

Plea for a Return to Plainsong in Anglican
 Liturgical Worship, A, Jan., 10, Feb.,
 46, Apr., 104, June, 173

Porter H. Boone, Jr., Sept., 295

Prayers for Retreats, May, 144

Reality of Death, The, Dec., 355

Reddish, Bruce V., June, 171, Dec., 365

Reflections at the End of an Era, Sept., 259

Rehmus, Amy M., Oct., 310

Religion in Prison, Oct., 303

Return to Africa, Jan., 6 Apr., 102
 Rocket Ship Pointed Heavenward, May,
 Roy Spencer Rawson, R.I.P., Nov., 342

Sacksteder, Overton, Oct., 306

Saint Columba, June, 163, July, 199

Saint Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch

Martyr in Rome, Dec., 361

Saint Richard of Chichester, Apr., 109

Salutation to Our Lady, A, Dec., 383

Schneider, Dorothy Roby, Dec., 380

Scholar Archbishop, A, Dec., 375

Scudder, Vida Dutton, Nov., 323

Sister Rachael 'Retires,' July, 216

Smyth, Joseph H., Nov., 330

Sorrowful Mysteries, The, Mar., 67

Spirit of Worship, The, May, 140

Stories That Are Seldom Told, May, 11

June, 177, July, 214, Aug., 228, Sep

266, Oct., 294, Dec., 371

Taylor, Roberta Newton, July, 220

To My Teenage Son on Christmas, Dec.,

Two Pictures, and a Challenge, Dec.,

Unfinished Business, Aug., 239, Oct., 300

Unto the Altar of God, Jan., 14

Waters, Elizabeth R., Feb., 39

Way of the Cross for the Aged, The, Feb.,
 48

Well of Self, The, Apr., 118

Westhorp, C. S., Dec., 357

What Is Best on Sunday Morning? Jun

181, Aug., 230, Oct., 295, 299

What Sisters Think, Mar., 85, Apr., 11

Aug., 234, Sept., 268, Nov., 339

What to Say to Jehovah's Witnesses at

Door, June, 179

Where Lies Our Peace, Jan., 3

Whispers, July, 220

Williams, T., Oct., 303

Willis, Arthur D., Aug., 230

Wiltwyck School, July, 208

Wood, Charles J., Dec., 372

Wright, Laura Tyler, Feb., 48



